

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

2
All cleere natures children: sweete-
Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete
Blessing their sence.
Not an angle of the aire,
Bird melodious, or bird faire,
Is absent hence.

*Strew
Flowers.*

The Crow, the slaunderous Cuckoe, nor
The boding Raven, nor Clough hee
Nor chattring Pie,
May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring
But from it fly.

Enter 3. *Queenes in Blacke, with vailles stained, with impe-
riall Crownes.* The 1. *Queene* fals downe at the foote of
Theseus; The 2. fals downe at the foote of *Hypolita*. The
3. before *Emilia*.

1. *Qu.* For pitties sake and true gentilities,
Heare, and respect me.

2. *Qu.* For your Mothers sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones,
Heare and respect me,

3. *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Love* hath markd
The honour of your Bed, and for the sake
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our distresses: This good deepe
Shall raze you out o' th Booke of Trespases
All you are set downe there.

Theseus. Sad Lady rise.

Hypol. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.
What woman I may steed that is distrest,
Does bind me to her.

These. What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1. *Qu.* We are 3. *Queenes*, whose *Soveraignes* fel before
The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured
The Beakes of *Ravens*, Tallents of the *Kights*,

And

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

And pecks of *Crowes*, in the fowle feilds of *Thebes*.
He will not suffer us to burne their bones,
To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortall loathsomenes from the blest eye
Of holy *Phabus*, but infects the windes
With stench of our slaine Lords. O pittie Duke,
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard Sword
That does good turnes to th world; give us the Bones
Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell them;
And of thy boundles goodnes take some note
That for our crowned heades we have no roose,
Save this which is the *Lyons*, and the *Bearcs*,
And vault to every thing.

These. Pray you kneele not,
I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortune
Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for 'em;
King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the day
That he should marry you, at such a season,
As now it is with me, I met your Groome,
By *Marses* Altar, you were that time faire;
Nor *Iunos* Mantle fairer then your Tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath
Was then nor threashd, nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her Cheeke with smiles: *Hercules* our kins
(Then weaker than your eyes) laide by his Club,
He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan hide
And swore his sinews thawd: O greife, and time,
Fearefull consumers, you will all devour.

I, *Qu.* O I hope some God,
Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
Whereto heel infuse powre, and presse you forth
Our under taker.

These. O no knes, none Widdow,
Vnto the Helmeted-Belona use them,
And pray for me your Souldier.
Troubled I am.

B 2

shines
2.